EASTERN CORSICA.

From Bastia to Bonifazio-The Circuit of Cape Corso-

Special Correspondence. Bonifazio, Corsica, March 10th, 1901 .--The rivalry that used to exist between St. Paul and Minneapolis, Chicago and St. Louis, Omaha and Council Bluffs, was as nothing compared to that which for more than a century has raged between Bastia in northeastern Corsica, and Ajaccio, midway on the western coast. In other countries time decides those strifes, and when one city has indubitably forged head, the other goodnaturedly gives up its claim. But never in Corsica, where grudges always grow in magnitude. Nowhere else would it considered sufficient cause deadly duel if two men from the rival deadly due if two men from the rival cities happened to meet on the highway. One of the other is likely to be killed; and then the relatives of the murdered man are in honor bound to take up up the feud and both families are involved in endiess vendetta.

Bastia, on the north-eastern coast, just below the long and narrow peninsula known as Cape Corso-is still the largest and most important town in Corsica, though no longer its capital. Early as the ninth century, the Genoese made it the seat of government; and so it remained until 1797, when French rule divided the island into two depart-ments, named after the two principal rivers, the Golo and Liamone, then Bastia remained the capital of Golo, the most important department; but only for a few years, when those divisions were abolished and Ajaccio, the smaller town, became the permanent seat of government. The truth is that nature got some ages ahead of the French in dividing Corsica. The great mountain range did the business for all time, and the people of the north are as unlike those of the south as the nations that live on either side of While civilization and agriculture are considerably advanced in the northern half of Corsica, its southern portion is much wilder of aspect, altogether uncultivated, and its not many degrees removed from

Bastia puts her "best foot foremost," and poses as a much more important than she really is. From the port, the whole city is in evidence at a plance, all the streets making a rapid descent from high, horse-shoe ridges to the shore. To the left of the Cala, or landing place, a quay runs out into a long moio, tipped by a light house. To the right, the small hurbor is closed by an enormous rock, black as ink, called Leone, (the lion,) crowned by a dis-mai citadel and donjon-keep. When the Genoese governor, Lomellino, built those fortifications in 1383, Bastia was then grey with age; and so the settlement that quickly grew up around the citadel was named Terra Nuova, "New Town," to distinguish it from the ancient town along the beach. The latter is known as Terra Vecchia, (Old Town:) and its tower-shaped houses often seven stories high, crowded close together and broken out all over with ilconies, seem to stand on top of one another as they mount the hill. Their appearance was accurately described by an English visitor as "Gnawed, like so many bones, by the hungry dogs of time." Black with antiquity and rich in grimy basreliefs they are more than llan they are medieval, many of them dating back to the earliest per-lod of Genoese occupancy. Yet in reyears this oldest town has become the most modern of the two, having the best streets, the public buildings, and all the business there is. Bastla, you know, is the commercial metropolis of Corsica, and has consider-able trade in olive-off, crude wines, asable trade in olive-oil, crude wines, as-bestos, preserved cedrats in the form of candied peel, and a few other arti-cles, which are mostly absorbed by France. Its Via Traversa is one of the handsomest streets in the island, fol-lowing the curve of the shore and built up with comparatively modern edifices. Among the latter is the Palace of Jus-tice, surrounded by arcades of pillars in beautiful blue marble, quarried near Corte. But their effect is ruined by a great deal of badly painted imitation of the same marble, all over the build-ing—an unnecessary defacement, when ing-an unnecessary defacement, when the whole island is so rich in the finest marbles, alabaster, porphery, serpentine and granite, all scarcely used, because the people are too lazy to quarry it. Yet—who will believe it—the whole

grannon monomina annon monomina annon monomina a which is said to make the most durable pavement in the world. The cathedral, also in the Via Traversa, is finely decorated inside; but externally is simply an eye-sore. Perhaps the greatest in-terest of the lower town centers in the fish-market. Ever since the days when Pliny and Juvenal wrote, the fisheries of Corsica have been famous. The Romans had no liking for the refactory islanders as slaves, but relished their fish, which figured as the rarest delica-cies on the tables of the great. They are here-the tunny, the razza, the anchovy, the murena, and many otherscaught in astonishing numbers, espec-jally in the deep gulfs of southern and western Corsica. The eastern side of the island is dotted with large salt-water ponds, separated from the sea by narrow tongues of land, but connected with it by inlets, like miniature Puget Sounds. These ponds are fairly alive with eels, which form the staple fishdiet of the common people; and the fishermen, with their nets of twisted rushes, also take in some of the more aluable varieties.

The upper town is almost as interesting as the lower-and doubtless would be quite so if one were permitted to visit its ancient donjon-keep. Since it has been enclosed within the modern French fort, strangers are not allowed a glimpse inside the walls. There are several interesting churches in the Terra Nuova, most notable of which are the Ste Marie, rich in Corsican marbles; and the St. Jean, with its elegant tomb of Comte de Marboeuf, who governed the island a score of years after its final occupation by the French. There is also a civic hospital, a considerable garrison, and a fine promenade called garrison, and a line promenade called the Place de St. Nicholas, facing the sea. In it are the inevitable statues of the two Corsican heroes, Napoleon and Paoli—the former, as usual, ridiculous in a Roman toga. The modern houses of the upper town are in the villa style, mostly painted white, with grey fealousies. Behind them soar the dark green hills to the darker mountains; with some long-forsaken monasteries, dusky olive-groves and gardens of oranges, almonds and lemons.

The suburbs of Bastia afford charm-

ing drives, the roads bordered by olive and Barbary fig-trees, orchards of peaches, apricots and pomegranites, and gardens in which muscatel grapes and the places (with and gardens in which muscatel grapes and the plebean fruit known to us as the tomato, (here glorified as pomi d'ore, "apple of love") flourish to per-fection, fanned by Mediterranean zephyrs and kissed by the southern

While here, you should make the circuit of that historic peninsula—or rather, promontory—named on the map Cape Corso; though the journey occu-pies three days and is not of the easi-The promontory juts out into the sea about forty miles and has an average width of fourteen miles. A mountain range, principally of green serpentine, a thousand feet high, traverses its whole length, terminating in tall precipices at the northern extremity. An excellent road, of the Route Nationale, runs close along the shore. The mountains are along the shore. The mountains are covered with chestnut forest, and the little pocket-like valleys between them are perfect gardens of verdure. The villages are all perched high on the mountain side, and each has its little tract of more fertile land below, cultivated to the utmost, and its "Marina" or bit of sea-coast. Many of these were protected in by-gone days from the enemy—notably the Barbary pi-rates—by picturesque Pisan, or Genoese towers, which are still in good condition and the most interesting feature dition and the most interesting reactive of the landscape. They are of two invarable types, the larger ones square, the smaller ones round, both machicolated, and generally with the door high up in the side, to which access could only have been obtained by means of a ladder. They usually contain three stories, the jower one below the entrance and with no opening whatever, like a well; the second, supported on beams and with no opening whatever, like a well; the second, supported on beams and with a wooden ceiling; the third, with a vaulted roof to support the terrace. This vault is never a true one, depending on a key-stone, but consists of successive layers of slabs, each projecting beyond that below, till they meet at the apex. An extensive view was obtained from the terrace, which was surrounded by a parapet wall. Practically, these towers were impregnable to any means of attack that could be brought against them. They exist all around the island, but nowhere so numerously as on Cape Corso, which the Barbary corsairs most frequently rayaged in

an entreme transmission transmission transmission transmission as a men, whom they sold into slavery at Algiers and elsewhere. The towers are now all private property, and such as are not too far destroyed, are used as residences and store-houses.

Another tower, of altogether different spect and in ruinous condition, crowns the summit of an enormous rock above the Luri valley. It is called "La tour de Seneque" and is believed to have been the habitation of Seneca during his years of exile on this island. You remember that he was banished from Rome, on suspicions of undue intimacy with Julia, the profligate daughter of Agrippma. Not far from it is an ancient Capuchin convent, yet occupied by monks; and a little farther on is the profitable English antimony-mine, known as Luri-Castello. The little Luri valley is well worth visiting. It is one luxuriant garden, celebrated for trees. A river runs through it, and along its banks are half a dozen tiny villages. In this journey around Cape Corso, a good deal of the way is on a cornice road overhanging the Meditercornice road overhanging the Mediterranean, and you may easily imagine the views of surpassing beauty. The islands of Elba and Capraja are in plain sight, and even Monte Christo, when the weather is clear. Near the culminating point of Cape Corso, marked by a cluster of ancient towers and a large convent of Barolletine. ers and a large convent of Benedictine nuns, is the Grotto of Brando, which you should visit—though it requires an-other day and the hospitality of the nuns. A wonderful stalactite cave runs deep into the mountain, in the form of a series of narrow galleries, revealing strange and nuexpected beauties at every step. Many of the stalactites are translucent and light shining through them produces marvelous effects. The attendants in charge of the grotto light it up with candles, and the fee is two francs for each person who enters Indeed, so charming is the ride around Cape Corso that one wishes it could last forever. Here a long stretch o road, en cornice, in mid-air; there a whom, and for what purpose? Anon a ruised cathedral, clinging to the perpendicular sides of a cliff, the approach to it up a rugged pathway hown out of solid granite; and all around it clusters are arcient vil. all around it clusters are ancient vil-lages so disposed that at a moment's notice all the inhabitants could flee for safety to the central tower. Whater the former inhabitants of this pennsula may have been, those of today are remarkably peaceable and industrious—for Corsicans. They seem to have been of migratory disposition, for in almost every case, the best houses are pointed out as belonging to "Ameri-

ing amassed what they consider a com-petence, returned to end their days in comfort on their beloved island. The journey down the eastern coast of Corsica, to Bonifazio, on its southern extremity, is not unmitigated de-light; but the good traveler is, of course, prepared to take some bitter with his sweet. The town of Bonifazio stands sixty meters above the narrow strait of the same name which separates this island from Sardinia. The strip of beach between the sea and the olive-covered hills, called the "Marina," is occupied exclusively by fishermen and other sea-faring people, and is strongly protected, not only by the an-cient fortifications above, but by modern works armed with heavy artillery. In front is a small, perfectly landlocked harbor, so narrow at its en-trance that it was closed with chains by Alfonso of Aragon. The ascent to the town is by a winding road mount-ing the Isthmus which connects the rock on which it stands with the mainland; and the only entrance through an ancient gate which still bears the arms of the Bank of Genoa -St. George and his lion. Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of this ancient fortress, or the view from its ramparts, of near-by Sardinia and innumerable smaller islands on both sides of the strait. Why, oh why, do people of money and leisure stick to their little insipid round of fashionable resorts, year after year, when the world

eains"-meaning people who went to seek their fortunes in the New World,

isually in Porto Rico; where the

holds such beautiful places as this-so easy of access, too? Boncifazio town is a labyrinth of crooked streets, rising in wide stone steps. The houses are very tall and gloomy, entered by quaint, steep stairs that are almost like ladders. The whole has a sort of dilapidated Moorish appearance, heightened by the seclusion in which the women live. They seem to pass as idle and useless lives as the beauties of the harem—only these are not veiled, and lounge all day at the half-opened casements. Perhaps, like Zarifa, they are only permitted to "rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town."

FANNIE B. WARD.

SHAM LUNATIC'S ADVENTURES.

An enterprising reporter for a New York paper posed the other days as a lunatic in order to gain admittance to Bellevue Hospital for the purpose of obtaining facts for a sensational "exposure." says the London Times.

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